

## II.

Though sad to witness, day by day,  
Our loved ones waste with slow decay,  
While the features warm with a hectic glow,  
More bright than Painting will ever know—  
Thrice mournful is the stroke of Fate,  
Leaving us wholly desolate,  
That falls, unheralded, to sever  
An idol from our souls forever.

## III.

Though mine is not a practiced ear,  
Oh ! how I loved her song to hear :—  
Her teachers were the tuneful rills,  
And airy voices from the hills ;  
The lay she breathed was Nature's own,  
Melting the soul with its liquid tone,  
And caught from water-fall, and bird,  
Were notes, by the spell-bound listener heard.

## IV.

Her large, black eye was ever bright  
With flashes of electric light,  
And her cheek with a glowing sun-set red  
Like summer twilight, overspread.